brandons feast party j-ride jboy

The City of Misty Falls was a place where the nights bled into days, fueled by neon lights and pulsing beats. It was a city of excess, where rules were suggestions and pleasure was the only law. High above the chaos, in a skyscraper that pierced the clouds, Brandon, son of Charles, was throwing a party.

Brandon wasn't your typical host. He had eyes that seemed to hold ancient secrets and a smile that could charm the devil himself - a fitting trait, considering his lineage. Twenty-five couples, the city's elite, had received his exclusive invitation. They arrived in limousines and sports cars, dressed in their finest, ready to indulge in whatever Brandon had planned.

Inside, the penthouse throbbed with music. The bass vibrated through the floor, reaching up to tickle their chests. Lights flashed, painting the room in a kaleidoscope of colors. Drinks flowed freely, each concoction more potent than the last. Brandon moved through the crowd, a predator in his own domain, making sure everyone was having an unforgettable time.

"This is insane, Brandon," said Veronica, a socialite with a penchant for drama, as she took a sip of her glowing cocktail. "You always know how to throw the best parties."

Brandon chuckled, his eyes glinting mischievously. "The night is still young, Veronica. I have a few surprises up my sleeve."

Hours passed in a blur of dancing, laughter, and whispered conversations. As the night reached its peak, Brandon took center stage. The music faded, and a hush fell over the room. All eyes were on him as he clapped his hands, a signal for his grand finale.

"My friends," he announced, his voice amplified through the speakers, "I have a special treat for you all. Something you won't find anywhere else."

He gestured towards a large, ornate closet that no one had noticed before. It stood against the far wall, its dark wood contrasting with the modern decor. A sense of anticipation filled the air, mixed with a touch of unease.

With a flourish, Brandon threw open the closet doors. Instead of clothes or storage, a swirling vortex of crimson energy filled the space. It pulsed and crackled, drawing the air towards it with a hungry force. Gasps echoed through the room as the partygoers stared in disbelief.

"What is that?" someone shouted over the rising wind.

Brandon's smile widened, revealing teeth that seemed a little too sharp. "A gateway," he said, his voice dripping with dark excitement. "A gateway to a place where your

wildest dreams - and your darkest nightmares - come true."

Panic erupted. People scrambled back, desperate to escape the mesmerizing pull of the vortex. But it was too late. The swirling red energy reached out, grabbing them one by one. Screams filled the air as couples were torn apart, sucked into the unknown.

Mark and Sarah, a young couple who had come to the party looking for a thrill, found themselves clinging to each other, fighting against the force that threatened to consume them.

"Mark, I'm scared!" Sarah cried, her voice barely audible above the roar of the vortex.

"Hold on!" Mark yelled back, his grip tightening around her hand. But it was no use. The vortex was too strong. They were pulled apart, their screams fading as they disappeared into the swirling red.

One by one, the guests vanished, their screams echoing in the penthouse before being swallowed by the void. In a matter of minutes, the room was empty, save for Brandon, who stood before the open closet, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"Enjoy your stay," he whispered to the empty space, before snapping his fingers and closing the doors, sealing the vortex once more.

Those who were unfortunate enough to be pulled into the vortex found themselves in a place unlike anything they had ever imagined. They landed in Voodalla, a dark and twisted forest where the trees clawed at the sky and the shadows danced with a life of their own. The air was thick with the smell of decay and the sound of unseen creatures rustling in the undergrowth.

As Mark stumbled to his feet, he realized he was alone. Sarah was nowhere to be seen. Panic set in as he called out her name, his voice trembling in the oppressive silence.

Suddenly, a pair of glowing eyes appeared in the darkness. A low growl echoed through the trees. Mark froze, his heart pounding in his chest. He could make out the shapes of large, wolf-like creatures surrounding him, their eyes burning with malevolent intent. But these were no ordinary wolves. They were twisted and deformed, with unnatural features and an aura of dark magic about them.

"What the hell are those things?" Mark muttered to himself, his voice barely a whisper.

Before he could react, the creatures lunged.

Meanwhile, Sarah found herself in a different part of the forest. She was surrounded by strange symbols carved into the trees, and the ground beneath her feet felt soft and

spongy. The air hummed with an unsettling energy.

As she tried to get her bearings, she heard a chanting in the distance. Drawn by the sound, she cautiously made her way through the dense undergrowth. She came to a clearing where a group of figures in hooded robes danced around a bonfire. They were chanting in a language she didn't understand, their voices rising and falling in a hypnotic rhythm.

In the center of the circle, a figure stood tall and gaunt, his face hidden behind a mask of bone. He raised his hands, and the flames of the bonfire surged higher, casting eerie shadows across the clearing. Sarah realized with horror that she had stumbled upon some kind of dark ritual.

"This can't be happening," she whispered, her voice trembling with fear.

As the ritual reached its climax, the masked figure turned towards Sarah, his eyes piercing through the darkness. He raised a hand, and the chanting stopped. The figures in robes turned to face her, their eyes glowing with an unholy light.

Sarah knew she had to escape, but it was too late. They were already moving towards her, their hands outstretched, their intentions clear.

In the City of Misty Falls, the party was over. The music was silent, the lights were off, and the skyscraper stood empty, its dark windows reflecting the city's neon glow. Brandon, son of Charles, had achieved his goal. He had opened a gateway to a world of darkness and despair, and he had delivered his guests into its waiting arms. The city would soon forget about the vanished elite, chalking it up to another night of excess gone wrong. But in Voodalla, Mark and Sarah, along with the others, were about to discover the true meaning of Brandon's twisted game. Their nightmares had only just begun.

ADD ONS

GAMER GARDENS, BRANDONS FEAST ,

The laughter of children mixed with the mechanical whir of rides at Gamer Gardens cheap excuse for a theme park riddled with law suits, the amusement park. The sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in shades of orange and purple. A gentle breeze rustled through the fake trees, carrying the scent of popcorn and cotton candy.

Suddenly, a hush fell over the crowd. A few thugs rolled dice in the back ground near the bathrooms. A strange figure entered the park. He was an old man, his skin as dark as the night, his eyes like burning coals. A large, wide-brimmed hat shadowed his face. He wore a long, black coat that seemed to swallow him whole. Slowing dragging his long legs and heavy gold chains he surely stood out .

His appearance was out of place among the cheerful crowd. Bryshere tugged at his mother's dress, pointing at the man. "Mommy, look at that scary man," he whispered. His mother, Sheela , hushed him, but she couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. “don’t look at him baby , he may be crazy , theres a lot those around here “

The man moved through the park with a strange, gliding motion. He stopped at the 'Cosmic Carousel', his eyes fixed on the brightly colored horses. He climbed onto a black stallion, his movements stiff and unnatural. The ride operator, a young white girl named Jenny, approached him with a smile. "Sir, please fasten your seatbelt," she said politely.

The old man turned his gaze towards her, his eyes piercing. "I have no need for such things," he rasped, his voice like the rustling of dry leaves the new orlean southern accent stealing the show in the short conversation. Jenny hesitated, feeling a shiver run down her spine. She shrugged and started the ride. As the carousel spun, the old man sat motionless, his eyes fixed on some distant point.

Next, he went to 'The Twister', a spinning, tilting ride that was a favorite among teenagers. Again, he refused to wear a seatbelt, his eyes daring the ride operator to challenge him. Mark, a

muscular young man operating the ride, felt a surge of anger. "Sir, it's for your safety," he insisted. “ I cant stand this maybe we should just remove this guy?” he suggested to the manager. Confused they just let the man do what he wanted.

"Safety is an illusion," the old man said, his voice barely a whisper. Mark, unnerved by the man's intensity, reluctantly started the ride. The Twister spun and tilted, throwing its passengers around like ragdolls. Yet, the old man remained still, his hat firmly in place, his eyes burning with an unnatural light.

The park manager, Mr. Thompson, had been receiving complaints about the strange man that a crackhead was not following the rules on a roller coaster. Irritated, he approached him. "Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he said, his voice firm. "You're disturbing the other guests, and you're not following the safety regulations."

The old man slowly turned to face Mr. Thompson. A strange smile curled his lips. "You cannot stop what is coming," he whispered. Mr. Thompson felt a sudden chill, despite the warm evening air. "Security!" he called out.

As security guards approached, the sky turned an ominous shade of grey. The wind picked up, whipping through the park, scattering popcorn and trash. A low rumble of thunder echoed in the distance. The lights flickered, casting long, eerie shadows. They began to stare at him, they knew he was strange but they had no idea he had any power of any type.

People began to panic, running towards the exits. The old man Charles stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the 'Leviathan', the park's towering roller coaster. Lightning flashed, illuminating his

face, revealing a network of strange markings etched into his dark skin. “looks like I got me sommo friends, I think my brothers will be awfully pleased”

He walked towards the Leviathan, his movements now fluid and purposeful. The security guards hesitated, unsure of what to do. The storm intensified, rain lashing down in sheets. The old man reached the base of the roller coaster, where its massive metal structure met the ground.

He raised his arms to the sky, his hat flying off in the wind. He began to chant in a strange, guttural language. The ground trembled. The air crackled with energy. People screamed.

Sarah clutched Timmy close, her heart pounding in her chest. Mark and Jenny huddled together, their faces pale with fear. Mr. Thompson watched in disbelief as the old man performed his ritual.

Suddenly, a bright light flashed from the base of the roller coaster. Ten people standing nearby vanished into thin air. A collective gasp rose from the crowd. Then, just as quickly as it began, the light disappeared. ‘what in the” the manager yellowed get more security”

The old man lowered his arms, his eyes glowing with triumph. He turned and walked into the storm, his figure disappearing into the darkness. The rain stopped. The wind died down. The only sound was the terrified whimpering of the remaining park guests.

Mr. Thompson stood frozen, his mind struggling to comprehend what he had just witnessed. Sarah looked around frantically, counting her family members to make sure they were all there.

Mark and Jenny stared at the empty space where their friends had been standing just moments before.

The police arrived, their sirens cutting through the silence. They questioned the witnesses, but no one could offer a rational explanation. The ten people were gone, vanished without a trace.

Gamer Gardens was closed indefinitely, the story was featured on the news . The Leviathan stood silent and menacing against the night sky. The laughter and joy that had once filled the park were replaced by fear and uncertainty. The news featured a segment called demon at the park the next day, a strange ominous story of a spirit snatcher walking in broad daylight.

No one ever saw the old man again. Some say he was a voodoo priest, others say he was a demon in disguise. Whatever he was, he left behind a chilling reminder that some things are beyond human understanding. The mystery of the missing ten and the strange old man Charles remained unsolved, a dark stain on the memory of Gamer Gardens. A place once filled with laughter, now haunted by the whispers of the missing and the shadow of the voodoo man.

elise and a bike

The night was young and crisp and The air in Misty Falls always felt heavy. It was a city built on shadows and strange quiet. Rain seemed to fall even when the sky was clear, leaving everything damp and cold. Elise gripped the handlebars of her old blue bicycle tightly. She was only 15, and the journey home from the pharmacy always felt too long. she stayed in a near by housing project that had recently been built. the pharmacy wasn't far from home, she was use to the dark windy trip down the block.

She had picked up medicine for her grandmother, a small bottle of shimmering blue liquid. The streets were mostly empty. Most people in Misty Falls stayed indoors after sunset due to strange occurrences that just kept increasing . The streetlights flickered, casting long, unsteady shadows that danced like nervous ghosts.

As Elise pedaled past the abandoned clock tower, she felt a prickle on her neck. She glanced behind her. A black cab was crawling slowly a block back. It was an old model, boxy and dull, its chrome rusting. She couldn't see the driver clearly, but something about the way the cab moved made her heart beat faster. It was too slow for the road, almost hovering.

Elise sped up a little. She turned onto Willow Street, a narrow path lined with tall, silent apartment buildings. She checked her mirror again. The black cab followed.

It kept the same distance, a silent, metal shadow. “nutjob, who is hiring these people” she thought before plugging back in her headphones.

Curiosity, a dangerous thing in Misty Falls, started to mix with her fear. Why would a cab be driving so slowly behind a girl on a bike? There were no other cars. road rage was one thing but night buddy attackers were on the rise, they were as strange as they were dangerous , they often didn't remember anything after they kill you with their car and then the worst, sometimes the body just disappeared no clues nothing just one culprit with no memory. some of these people were recruited some would say and others seemed to just be possessed by some eerie force late in the night.

She decided to test it. Elise cut sharply down an alleyway. This alley was rarely used, filled with overflowing dumpsters and the smell of wet cement. She pushed the pedals harder, her thin legs pumping. The sound of her bike chain rattled loudly in the narrow space.

She reached the end of the alley and risked another look back. The black cab was already there, turning into the alley entrance with surprising speed for such an old vehicle. The headlights were dim, yellow eyes watching her.

Panic set in. Elara pumped her legs until her lungs burned. She swerved out onto Gray Street, a longer, more open road, hoping to outpace the strange vehicle. She pedaled furiously, her mind racing. She needed to get to Maple Avenue, the main street, where there

might be other people.

The cab kept pace. It was close now, maybe only twenty feet behind her. her raced and she knew he had bad intentions, it was time to take the headphones out, sweaty and scared she carefully paced her self her eyes wide with realistic fear. She could hear a low, almost humming sound coming from its engine, a sound that felt wrong, unnatural.

Finally, she saw the familiar lights of Maple Avenue ahead. It was the busiest part of their district, even late at night. She aimed for the center of the sidewalk, fast she bolted in the opposite direction, intending to ride directly toward the brightly lit bakery where Mr. Henry often worked late.

Just as Elise burst onto the main street, a blur of movement happened beside her. A short man, dressed in a thick, dark coat, was moving fast, weaving through the few pedestrians near the corner shop. He was moving much faster than a normal person should move.

The man did not look at Elara. He seemed focused only on the space immediately in front of her. With a sudden, powerful shove, the man impacted Elara’s side thrusting her far from the bike taking himself to the ground as well.

Elise cried out, losing all control. She tumbled hard onto the gritty pavement, “aaah” she screamed holding her knees, the pharmacy bag flying open. The small bottle of blue medicine rolled under a nearby bench far from her line of sight.

She looked up instantly, expecting to see the man standing over her, perhaps the cab driver emerging. But both were gone.

Instead, she stared in wide-eyed confusion at the spot where her bicycle had been.

The black cab was stopped directly where she fell, its doors shut tight. The driver’s window was rolled down a fraction. Elara could finally see the driver. His face was pale, almost white, and his eyes were too wide, too focused. He was staring not at Elara, but at the space where her bike had been just a second before. His expression was a strange mix of terror and intense satisfaction.

Then it happened.

Where the blue bicycle had rested against the curb, a violent shimmer started. It was like heat rising off asphalt on a summer day, but this was cold. The metal frame of the bike seemed to vibrate, then it began to darken, turning a deep, oily black. A thick plume of black, acrid smoke erupted from the bike, smelling faintly of ozone and burned metal.

Mr. Henry , the baker, rushed out of his shop door, drawn by the strange noise and smoke.

"What in the name of the falls is that?" Mr. Henry shouted, shielding his face from the dark cloud.

Elise scrambled backward on her hands and knees. The

smoke thickened rapidly, swirling around the stationary black cab. It was not dissipating; it was contracting, pulling the remnants of the bike inward.

In less than three seconds, the bike was gone. There was no twisted metal, no broken plastic, just a small patch of perfectly clean, dry pavement where the bike had been. The black smoke vanished as if sucked into a vacuum.

The humming noise from the cab stopped instantly.

The driver blinked slowly, looking down at his empty hands resting on the steering wheel. He took a deep, shuddering breath, then violently cranked the window shut. He slammed the car into gear, and the black cab shot forward, not smoothly, but with a violent lurch, disappearing around the corner onto a dark side street, leaving streaks of unnatural shadow behind it.

Elara sat frozen on the ground. Mr. Henry knelt beside her, his usual jolly face now tight with concern.

"Elise! Are you hurt? What happened to your bike?" he asked, looking wildly around the empty street.

Elara slowly pointed to the clean spot on the pavement. "It**... it went somewhere,"** she whispered, tasting the metallic fear in her mouth. "The cab driver, he looked... like he was watching it leave." ripe ,and clear as the kids piled onto the bus after the school dance. Laughter filled the